LOTS OF CROWS: SUMMER COLD.

Weather Predictions from Cornfields and the

Behavior of the Moon.

MILPORD Pa June 26 -"I took a drive out

in the country the other day," said the rural

Mathematical Efficiency of Warships From the London Times. Herr Georg Wisilcenus, a retired German officer and author of "Deutschland's Seemacht," has attempted in the Grenzboten to provide a table by which the fighting value of any warship of not less than 2,000 tons may be estimated, without, of course, taking into account the strategic conditions in which she is em-

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Fire Smouldered Over a Year.

From the Providence Journal.

Armored cruisers. In Protected cruisers, 1st Protected cruisers, 2d Value of cruisers.

France.....

THINGS HEARD BY A STRANGER WHO WAS SEEKING FOR LIGHT. untion About the Secret Management of

Husbands by Their Wives-Methods of Obtaining Money on Pales Protences-Advice or Wives for Certain Situations. "I'm so glad she brought you with her today," said the President of the Suburban Brown-

ing Club to the stranger who had just been introduced to her. "Our common love of Brown-ing makes us all akin, and if he teaches anything it is the lesson of that wide brotherhood which would share with all mankind the instruction imparted at his shrine." You are so kind!" murmured the stranger.

"Not at all. And we are especially fortunate in having you with us to-day, for from chat I know of the lecturer, we are certain to be both illuminated and uplifted by eternal truths, bound together in flowery chains.

'You are so good!" murmured the stranger. "Now, I am going to seat you with these ladies, where you will be able not only to listen fortably to the lecturer, but also to watch the other speakers should we follow the lecture with our usual discussion."

"I am most obliged to you," murmured the stranger.

"Are you quite comfortable?" asked the "Quite so, thank you," murmured the stranger.

'Let me give you this cushion," said the goung wife. Pray do not disturb yourself," murmured the

Do you just dote on Browning !" asked the

The Lecturer-Your President is altogether too flattering to me, I assure you. This is not going to be an ambitious lecture at all, but serely an informal chat, in which I hope to point out some teachings of the master which will be of use to us all. Now let me begin with a personal anecdote. One day while my mother was knitting she said me, "Dolly, dear, do-The Young Wife (whispering)-What a funny

The Matron-You can well afford to make fun of other people's dresses, for we have been doing nothing since you came into the room but admire

Do you like tt !" "It is simply perfect!"

'I'm so glad to hear you say so, because I got It out of my economies." 'Your economies! I should say your extrava-

gancies, rather."
"No, my economies; or rather my husband's. Does your husband have fits of economy ?" Does he! Well, I should rather say he did. Or perhaps I ought to say that he has only one fit, which lasts all the time and gets worse now

"Mine has intermittent fits. He's having one now. He thinks I've been spending too much on the table; so he's trying whether it's cheaper to keep an account at the butcher's and the grocer's or to give me money with which to pay cash for everything."

"Humph! Yes. You see he's afraid that if he gives me an allowance, I may persuade him to give me an account, we'll order more than we need be-cause we don't have to pay for it at the time. So one week he's doing one thing and the next week he's doing the other and he's comparing be results.

"Oh, I'm buying everything I can think of in advance in the charge weeks, and not buying anything at all that I can help getting in the eash weeks. You ought to see how his eyes bulge when he sees the bills."

And you've got that lovely dress as the first part of your reward ?"

'And I think he'll raise my allowance when he gets through his experimenting, because I heard him telling one of his friends that the only way to save money was to pay cash and have a wife who knew how to buy cheap." "It certainly serves him right."

"But." interjected the bride, "isn't that cheating your husband I" The matron shrugged her shoulders and the

young wife shrugged hers.
"They all expect it," said the matron. "Anyway, they would expect it if they knew

anything," said the young wife.
"Sh! Sh!" said the matron. "Isn't the lecturer speaking? The lecture must have begun." The Lecturer-and the world has pretty mu h forgotten them after they have run their course. We look back at our fathers to smile at their simplicity in believing, acting and living as they

The Matron (to the stranger)-Can you hear comfortably !

The Stranger (sadly)—Oh. yes, thanks. The Young Wife-Our chat didn't disturb you!

The Stranger (dolefully)-Not at all, The Bride-I'm so glad that it didn't, because when you're hearing about so fascinating a subject as Browning you want to give your whole attention to it. But I couldn't help asking about the wickedness of cheating one's husband,
"Wickedness! Pooh!" said the matron, "Be-

sides, it isn't really cheating."
"Besides," said the roung wife, "how could

they take care of us if we didn't do such things!" "I remember," continued the matron, "that

"I remember," continued the matron, "that when I was married I was fortunate enough to eat heoli on our wedding tour. Every bride should be taught to catch cold on her wedding tour. Since then my husband has been simply giling money on me to buy warm underclothing and finnels and thick shoes. I have only to couch and he gives me handfuls of money. Now, do you supplose the poor man knows or cares with it owith he money? He simply does it to ease his conscience."

"he ery bride," said the young wife, "should got a hat which her husband thinks becoming. I got one in the third month of our marring, and I have abstained religiously from wearing it ever since. Whenever I need any money I put it on and go to the poor, deer man and eay, 'loo you think this hat becomes me?' and he says, 'Why, it's parfectly lovely.' Then I say that I think I do better not buy it, as the cost is \$10 or \$15 or \$25, or anything I want, and that that is too much to pay for a hat. Then he insists on my buying it, and gives me the money at once, an'! I go and spend it and put the bat away for another occasion. Now, doesn't that do him just as much good as if he really bought the hat, which, as a matter of fact, isn't my style? And to think that the poor fellow doesn't know enough to recognize the hat when he sees it?

"Then," proceeded the matron, "what husban's knows what wages the cook or the upstairs girl really got?! As if one would care a toou a difference of three or four dollars a month!"

"Men are so unsuspecting about these small things," said the young wife.
"They have such large minda," said the matron. They have such large minda," said the matron. They have no time to think about them."

"Oh! cried the brite, interrupting, "the learner of any lass of water. The President of its of at!"

It so far!"

It turned out that the lecturer had merely paused to sip a glass of water. The President of the club came over to the stranger.

"I hop you find your seat satisfactory f" she

"Oh, yes, thanks," replied the stranger, sadly.
"You can hear everything perfectly!"
"Perfectly, thank you," replied the stranger,

"You don't care to change!"

"You don't care to change!"

"No, thanks," replied the stranger, longingly.
The Lecturer—To resume. The stars continue on their courses, the sun still sheds forth its universal beneficence, the moon remains the faithful satellite of the terrestrial orb. Sordello—
"Obt" exclaimed the bride. "it's about Sor-

dello—
"Oh!" exclaimed the bride. "it's about Sordello. I must listen carefully to this. Sordello always makes me ery, and I don't ery easily."
"You don't? Poor thing," said the young wife.
"You must learn to."
"Must I! I thought crying annoyed husbands."

"Maybe it does; but I wasn't thinking of that,
Bonnetimes it will bring money when everything
else fails."
"Especially," added the matron, "in the case
"when this hands. As they grow older men

"Especially," added the matron, "in the case of young husbands. As they grow older men are upt to get dreadfully hardened."
"That always has seemed so mean to me," said the young wife. "We try and try to get ourselves so that we can bring tears whenever we want to, and when we succeed it is only to find that tears are no longer of avail. It's an ill-regulated world, certainly,"
"But," said the bride, "if you want just a little thing, you can't make yourself cry just because you can't get it.
"It is hard to get erying really hard sometimes," replied the young wife. "My plan in such eases is to bury my he shand and all my relations. I plature to myself how they would look all jying dead in their soffins. Then, if that isn't enough to bring on the proper frame of mind for a real good cry, it saim anyself nead, too, lying in a coffin in my wedding dress, all in white, covered with heaps of howers.
"How delicious!" exchaimed the bride.
"That never Isia. I just cry and cry, and sometimes I can't stop myself even after my

husband has given in and is heartbroken at hav-ing treated me so unkindly." Isn't it awful to "But," asked the bride, "isn't it awful to make one's hustand feel so bad i I know that the day before yesterday afternoon I was out habiting and I but isn't one glass of locarrant make one's husband feel so bad! I know that the day before yesterday afternoon I was out shopping and I had just one glass of loc-cream soda before going home and so I couldn't eat a morsel of dinner, and my husband was worrying about me all the evening and all the next day because he thought I was id and had lost my appetite; and I didn't dare tell him the truth."

"You must never think of telling the truth in such cases," said the young wife. "The men themselves prefer to take the romantic view of things."

The Matron (to the stranger)-Are you enjoying the lecture ! The Stranger (yearningly)—Oh, yes, exceedingly, thanks, The Lecturer-After spying into the secret, untile processes of nature, he cannot be con-ented with the ordinary toys of men; he can suse the sunlight to breed and propegate pre-closs things upon the atmosphere in which it burns; he can cause the glowing, supernatural boni to work amidst the seeks of gold and—

no Matron-But-er-what point has she hed in the lecture! I don't seem to catch the connection.

The Stranger (mournfully)—I don't, either.

"But," continued the young wife, "the funny part of it is that you should already have begun to deceive your husband."

to deceive your husband.

"But I haven't!" cried the bride.

"What has she done!" asked the matron, turning from the stranger.

The lecturer—Word's music so long as the strange sing tight for the airs of imagination to play upon them—

The Stranger idespairingly)—Dear! dear!

"Of course," proceeded the young wife, "it isn't the worst kind of deception yet; but at any rate it's a beginning."

"Of course," proceeded the young wife, it isn't the worst kind of deception yet; but at any rate it a a beginning.

"Do you really think sof" asked the bride.

"Undouttedly," replied the matron. "And the worst of it is that you can never tell where such things will lead to."

"I'm so sorry," sai, the bride.

"I'm so sorry," sai, the bride.

"There was Mrs. Blank," said the young wife. "whose husband filrts and neglects her so. Well, do you know how it began?

"Oh, she's borrid," answered the bride.

"It was a sort of punishmen, the young wife went on. "She met one of her old beaux one day while she was out walking."

"They're dreadful creatures, said the bride, with a pout. "There ought to be some way of suppressing one's old beaux after one marries, Why haver't they romance enough about them to turn hermits or go into perpecual exise so that one couldn't meet them."

"It was just an accident, and she couldn't help his

"It was just an accident, and she couldn't help it at all. And then she coulan't help his turning end walking along with her."
"They haven't any sense."
"And then they mer her husband."
"She must have felt like sinking into the earth."

She did. She was so confused that she

"She did. She was so confused that she coulan't think of anything but introducing the old beau as a perfect stranger."

And I suppose her husband found it out I'.

No; but what was worse, she felt herself obliged to account for her acquaintance with him in some way, and so on the spur of the moment she invented a story arout falling out of a troley ear and having the old leau pick her up."

"And her husband aidn't believe it I'.

"That was the worst of it, he did. And a day or two after that he met her walking with another old beau."

or two after that he met her waiking with another old boad."

"And she had to make herself fall out of anoth r trolley car?"

"No, because she thought her husband recogniz a him. So she told the truth."

"Was he angry?"

"That made the trouble. He wasn't a bit
angry. In fact, he took it so nicely that she was
encouraged to tell him the truth about the first
old lean."

"Oh!"
"And, do you know, that made him dreadfully mad. He said he couldn't understand a thing as out these trolley accidents and old be ux, and that she has too many old beaux, anyway, before she was married, and so he was going to have tun with his old sweethearis; and so he's been carrying on ever since."

"What can one do about one's old beaux!" asked the bride, appealingly.

"Ion't comess anything, anyway," advised the young wife.

"Never under any circumstances," declared the matron.

hand, some silly man has told him that if there's the matron.

"Lie is so complex," siched the bride. "Be"Lie is so complex," siched the bride. "Be-"Li e is so complex, signed the trans."
fore marriage all one had to do was to make
each man believe that he was the preferred one;
and that was such an easy thing to do."
"Tell me, though," said the young wife,
"what is the best way to correct a husband who
stays out or carries on !"

"What is the best way to correct a husband who stays out or carries on!"
"On, do," exclaimed the bride
"Why," replied the matron, "if you've got the nerve, the best way is undoubtedly to stay out the next night yourself. Get somebody to take you to the theatre or go to sometody's house, and don't go home till midnight. But it's very powerful medicine, and you can't always oresee its effect.
"I should never dure do that," said the bride. "I should never dure do that," said the bride morning stars sing together; has shared with the princes of the powers of the sir the hymns chanted forever by the Pantheon and the Sphinx.

An isrice—Oh, dear! What has she been saying about Soracle of Can you explain it to me lite he stranger!

The Stranger(wearly)—I'm so sorry I can't.
"The nea me, too," said the young wife, "do you think there's really any use in paying atten-

in he stranger!!

The Stranger (wearligh—I'm so sorry I can't.

"Than teame, too," a sid the young wife," do you think there's really any use in paying attention to your hisband's relatives!"

"The greatest use in the world, replied the matron. "Especially around Christmas time and withdays. You must mover neglect to buy them presents uncer any circumstimes. You can buy things good chough for them for 98 cents and then you can show them to your husband and ask him if he doesn't think them cheap at \$5 or \$10 or anything you choose to say. Men don't know anything about the prices of such things. Then he will be, or he ought to be, so bleased with your attentions to his family that the least he can do is to pay for the things himself, and perhaps give you an extra present besides. So you are pretty since to be in more than the old things cost. Yes, every wire certainly on, hi to be attentive to her husband's relations. "But they'll know how much you prid for the presents, if he doesn't," o'geted the young wife. "What if they not recoined the matron. "If you manage properly they won't dare speak of it. Send a note with the present saying that it is sent as a token of love and all that sort of lining, you know." "But," objected the bride in turn, "ever since

it is sent as a token of rove and all that sort of thing, you know.

"But, objected the bride in turn, "ever since I've been us trie. I've been taking pride in telling my husband how che p I boy things, and he thinks it as a cunning of me to get bergains; so I wouldn't like to put up the prices now.

"My certchin, "exclaimed the matron enresity, "rou must stop that at once—this very instant. It spositively insanity. How do you expect to get money when you need it if you begin in this way, if you don't train jour husband properly from the stort I Always put the price up, never down, should be your motto if you wish to be h ppy."

"But he says it's so cunning of me," murmur d the bride.
"Of ourse he says that," replied the matron.
"Men are such deceivers that they are capable

"Of course he says that," replied the matron,
"Men are such deceivers that they are capable
of saying any bing. But con't you believe him."
"But," cried the young wire, "that is not
the voice of a woman talking that I hear; it is
the sound of a plants!"
"And I don't see the lecturer any more!"
exclaimed the krice.

The lecture can't be over!" declared the "The lecture can't be over!" declared the mattoh.

The President Costling over to the group as the masic ceased—Weil, ladies, I hope you have en of ed the lecture.

The Matron, the Young Wife, and the Bride (in horns)—Oh, so much.

The President to the stranger)—And we are especially glad to have had you with as to-lay, because you are so wrapped up in Browning, and every one is saying that the lecture was extraordinarily lucid, interesting, and instructive.

The Stranger (ooking reproach ully at the matron, the young wife, and the bride, and heaving a sigh of disappointment)—Thank you, you are so kind!

Changed Her Name Three Times in Twenty-

Changed Her Name Three Times in Twenty-

faur Hours. From the Chattanooga News. One of the most varied and rapid mutations in regions in is chargeable to a Marshall county women, who performed the feat three times within twenty-our hours. As Addie B. Hicks the secured a divorce from her husband, John Hicks, and was restored to her maiden in me, Cook, in one day, and on the day following she was married to a man named Calvin Burrow.



deck a slight suspicion entered her mind.

"What's dem fellers waitin' fo'l' she demanded.

"They're all going to the Island for shirking their duty," replied the diptomatic Detective Birmingham of the District Attorney's office, who was in chirge of the force.

"Serves yer right, th' hull lot of yer—hope yer up for life," relied Miss Primrose at the policemen. "I never liked den fellers anyway, she reinarked in an aside to Detective Hirmingham. Recorder Goff received a letter from Matron Cara when Miss Primrose's case came up, begring him to send hor to some other place than the workhouse if she was convicted. There was no necessity for a trial in the case, however, as M ss Primrose's response to the stock question," What have you got to say I' wis:

"I hit dat Miss Nally an' I'll do it again. Der's only one on de whole island fresherer den her, en ef dat one pinches my arm any mo' when I goes back I'll send her to de horsepittel, too. I ain't no pincushion for anybody."

Miss Primrose got a year in the penitentiary, and that is why there is rejoicing in the workhouse. Since she has been in the prison she has sent Miss Nally and Mrs. Card each a letter, warning them to spend the next twelve months in prayer and plous living, as she will surely kill them both the moment she is released. The matrons are not worrying much over the threat. They say they'd be almost ready to die after a year without Miss Primrose. policemen, the worst woman who ever got into the Tombs or on the Island, has been removed by an order of the court from the workhouse to the penitentiary, where she will remain in solitary confinement until she shows a disposition to behave herself, which, unquestionably, will be one year, the full time of her sentence. Miss Primrose, better known perhaps as "Cyclone Sadie." had two months still to serve in the workhouse when her present misfortunes befell her. Two months of "Cyclone Sadie" meant more trouble for the matron than two years of all the other prisoners put together. It means broken heads, scratched faces, and other injuries for the other prisoners, too, and more than once has come near meaning death for somebody.

The attempt to control Miss Primrose by force was long ago given up. The implements of torture which were used in the middle ages wouldn't begin to break her spirit. She has been thumped, clouted around by half a dozen men, and time and again she has been locked in dark cells and had even more severe punish ments until it would seem as though she must give in, but never once hes any of these thines had the slightest effect on her. She has been worse than ever after each release, until now the penitentiary, a real prison with all the ac-companiments, is being tried upon her. Since Miss Primrose went into her new quarters nothing has been heard of her by the outside world. As this never happened during any one of her many stays at the workhouse, it is suspected that they are putting her through a course of sprouts there, with a view to taming her. Over at the workhouse you couldn't begin to convince anybody that it will be possible to bring Miss Primrose around, but Warden Pillsbury has an idea that he can do it, and has guaranteed to turn her over to the workhouse people again at the end of the year tamed and prepared to serve her remaining two months there in a peaceful way and according

to the rules of the institution.

The history, up to date, of Miss Sadie Anderson Bolgeria Corinne Primrose is interesting. She is a negress about 28 years old, tall and well proportioned, black as the knave of spades, with cles of steel and a temper which sends people flying when it gets up. Miss Princrose has knocked out five men, one after the other, and she did it as deftly as a prize fighter. She has done this on various occasions, sometimes that hill of corn, but it would come up out of with her fists and at other times with the help the ground after doing it, soon become a winged of such weapons as she has been able to get her hands on, but always with great completeness.

Miss Primrose has many grievances, but her particular one is against the system which keeps | year, rendy to dine on the farmer's corn, her on the Island about four-fifths of her time. | and go on with the regular course of proparticular one is against the system which scope her on the Island about four-fifthe of her time. A woman with her record cannot get less than six months every time she is arraigned in a police court for disorderly conduct. That is because of the pressage of the law which put the cumulative system into practice. This aystem doubles the sentences of old offenders up to six months, and the fault that Miss Primrose has to find with it is that its victims are not permitted to start over again when they reach the six months, and it takes at least that length of time for her worth to subside. Some idea of Miss Primrose's conduct when free may be gained from the fact that in the last five years she has been sentenced to the Island fifteen times. Not three whole months of that time has she been free, and she wouldn't have has the been free, and she wouldn't have has the been free, and she wouldn't have has she been free, and she wouldn't have had that much liberty had it not been that the cumulative system came in only a couple of years ago.

It would be impossible to tell a quarter of the escapades in which "Cyclone Sadie," while a prisoner on the Island as well as when free and for the fort policemen who came to his recombination on the island fittee that he had that much liberty had it not been that the cumulative system came in only a couple of years ago.

It would be impossible to tell a quarter of the escapades in which "Cyclone Sadie," while a prisoner on the Island as well as when free and for the fort policemen who came to his recombination of the weather while the provider of the escapades in which "Cyclone Sadie," while a prisoner on the Island as well as when free and for the four policeman tried to arrest her. She blackened both his eyes with her firsts, broke his nose with passed of the coppers themselves who nicknamed her woman with her record cannot ger less than

rose without just such a fight, and it was the coppers themselves who nicknamed her "Cyclone Sadie."

On the Island it is a constant fight with Miss Primrose from the time she lands until she goes away agin. She never gives the mations a moment's peace, and all their ruses for getting rid of her for a time have failed, because she will not go out and, work with the gangs, and the Commissioner of Correction has ordered that she be not included in any of the drafts sent over from the workhouse to to the cleaning and other work in the district prisons of the city. There never was a time when the woman went out with a gang, that the gang didn't revolt or get into a gen rad fight. When remonstrated with, it has seen her custom to throw a rock at the one who rebuked her. She has laid out a score of fellow prisoners and many matrons in this foshion, and when they have put her in the dark cill she has only utilized the time in sleeping, so es to gather strength for the time when she should be released again.

On her sworn promise to behave Matron Card, about a month ago, allowed Miss Primrose to go to work in the sewing room. The prisoners there are taught to cut and sew, and they make the prison garments that the innertes of the workhouse wear. It is one of the rules of the room that prisoners are to go on with their work when visitors pass through, and to appear indifferent to inspection. Miss Primrose had been in the room about fifteen in into one had alled on the other prisoners to help, but not one moved, there had the workhouse who deare to fight "Cyclone Storie," The matron drove the woman called on the other prisoners to help, but not one moved. There isn't an innerte of the workhouse who deare to fight "Cyclone Storie," The matron drove the woman called on the other prisoners to help, but not one moved. There isn't an innerte of the workhouse who deare to fight "Cyclone Storie," The matron drove the woman into a corner with a chair while the visitors eacaped, but it took four male keepers to got the shears awa

there sent her back, saying that she was only suffering from abnormal temper and an exuberance of spirit.

Miss Prim ose kept out of the dark cell for a week after she came back by having borns lits. Then she went in a p nitent mood to Matron Card and said she wanted some work. The matron sent her over with a draft to the Tomis. It was a rubing draft, and when it reached the Tomis Miss Primrose declared she wouldn't work. She knocked down a matron who threatend her, stabbed a keeper in the breast and wrist with an ink craser, and fought six other keepers so desperately that one of them had to punch her severally in the face with his fist before she could be hindied with safety. All of that was in April, and at the time Matron Cord requester Commissioner Wright to take Miss Primrose out of the workhouse and put her in some oth r institution on the Island. The Commissioner replied that he had no authority to do that, as she had been committed there by a City Magistrate, so the metron made up her mind to grin and bear it for the remaining two months and a half of Sadie's term.

About this time there came to the workhouse in the capacity of assistant matron a young woman named Mary Nally. Miss Nally had had a great deal of experience in handling unruly women and is a strict disciplinarian. When she heard of Miss Primrose and her riotous nature she was pleased, because she saw valuable experience in whipping such a nature into line.

and Thompson streets, and the quarter-dollar gamblers of the east side knew where to go to invest in the gigs of the policy shops, while at a broker's office on Broadway at Lispenard street lettery tickets were openly displayed in the window. It was such a condition of things that soon led to the passage of a prohibitory

liquor law, to the election of Alderman Danie

F. Tiemann as a reform Mayor, and to the ulti-

mate creation of an energetic State metropoli-

tan police for this city.

At that time there lived in Christopher street a young puglist named William Poole, who shortly before the New Year Day of 1855 had engaged in a prearranged and duly advertised prize fight on the Hudson River pier at the foot of Amos street-now called West Tenth-at which many a soap-lock "Mose" and fire laddle of the hand engines belonging to the Volunteer Fire Department of the era had been spectator. His friends soon afterward formed an association of young sports named after him. At that time also a Native American party had come into existence under the auspices of a secret association named the Order of United Americans. The members of MILFORD, Pa., June 26,—"I took a drive out in the country the other day," said the rural philosopher, "and I was sorry to see so many crows in the cornflelds."

"Bad for the farmer, ch!"

"Bad for the farmer! Bad for the farmer how?"

"Why, because the crows are pulling up all his corn."

"Bah! Pulling up all his nothing! That's an idea that doesn't deserve recognition nowadays. Crows don't flock into cornflelds to cat the farmer's corn. They drop down to dig up the worms that are making way with the farmer's corn. They drop down to dig up the doesn't do it because he wants the seed kernels that are at the root of it. He knows there is a grub down there getting ready to devour the young shoots, and ho is after that grub."

"Well, but I don't see what difference it makes to the farmer, so long as the crow, in getting at the destructive grub, destroys the hill of corn. The hill of corn is gone, just the same."

"There you go! That's the way all of you anticrow chaps argue! Can't you see further than the end of your nose! If the crow should let that srub slone, the grub wouldn't only destroy that hill of corn, but it would come up out of the ground after doing it, soon become a winged to the order of United Americans. The members of this party carried banners with the letters O. U. A. on them, and were organized as a prounient members of the Ameient Order of Hibernians. Of the former order Bill Poole was a prounient incur. Not long before 1855 one Levis Baker and been a municipal policeman, but he had been a municipal policeman, but he had been a municipal policeman. Ball of the force. He had been friendly with Poole, but had quarrelled with him and had joined John Morrisey and his friends, who were opposed to the order of United Americans.

There was in Broadway, opposite Niblo's Garden and adjoining Pat Hearne's gambling place, a saloon called Stanwit Hall, which had been in municipal policeman. Ball of the force and adjoining Pat Hearne's come in the farmer's corn. The hill of corn, but hit would come up out of this party carried banners with the letters O.

his face, said:
"I can lick you any time."
Poole rabed his arm in defence,

his face, said:

"I can lick you any time."

Poole raised his arm in defence, and there upon Turner pulled a revolver, and laying the barrel across his arm, aimed at Poole and pulled the triever twice in rapid succession. The first bullet hit Poole in the lest, causing alm to fall to the floor, but at the second discharge the barrel of the pistol dropped down and caused the hall to enter the fleshy part of Turner's arm, thus placing him hors du combat. Next Lewis Baker, advancing to Poole, pulled his revolver, saying: "Boys, now I have him to put out of the way." and fired at Poole's breast. Other pistols were drawn, and one shot struck Poole's broiner-inlaw, who, as he recled, exclaimed: "Lezy's mutton's cooked"—a phrase that for a long time afterward was used whenever any rowdy was hurt by another.

The Turner-Baker gang then ran out, and one of the saloon proprietors hastened to the police station, from which in a short time a squad of officers arrived. The police summoned Drs. Putnam and Cheeseman, and went in search of Baker and his commanions. The police first unsuccessfully visited Baker's saloon at the corner of Howard street and Broadway, known as the Bank Exchange, and next the gambling house of John Lyng, at the corner of Canal street. There Turner and Paudeen were found, but no Baker. Turner was sent to the ho-pital for treatment for his wounded arm, and Paudeen was arrested. As instance of the laxity of the police it may be stated that no fair search was made immediately at Baker's lodgings. As it afterward appeared, he had visited his rooms, hastily packed up some clothing, and crossed the heart to Jersey City, where he took a sevence of the Armer and consection to Jersey City, where he took a sevence of the Armer and crossed to the Jersey City, where he took a crossed to the Armer and crossed the Armer and crossed to the Jersey City, where he took a crossed to the Armer and crossed to the ducing more grubs, ad infinitum. Suppose the

arso so ordered that.

"The corn crop wasn't a failure, though, last year, so far as I've heard. And speaking of that Blue Grass country, will you— Thought so I Come along!"

both on labore. There was easy to the long large of the control of different state, and the control of different state, and the control of the control of different state, and the control of the control ployed. A modern ship (1895) of 2,000 tons is ployed. A modern ship (1895) of 2,000 tons is assigned the value of 2, and in the same way, rising by units, a ship of 16,000 tens is worth 16. Upon the system devised the valuation of the ship falls with her increasing age, and figures for each displacement are given at intervals of the years. Thus, in ships of 1889, they range from 1.3 (2,000 tens) to 10.4 (16,000 tens), while these figures fall respectively to 0.2 and 1.6 in the ships of 1865. The following is the resulting table in so far as it relates to the principal European fleets:

An illustration of how long a fire will burn and smoulder without giving signs of its presence was furnished at the ruins of the Masonic Temple, which are being cleared up by laborers, at the corner of Pine and Dorrance streets. It is considerably over a year ago that the Masonic Temple was burned to the ground. Wednesday afternoon the workmen, while tearing down a portion of the wall which was left standing on the side where Astle's tin shop was located, found quite a fire in progress. They first saw the smoke, and when they had pulled down the wall the smouldering embers were fanned to life by the wind.

PEACE AT THE WORKHOUSE

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NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN ARRESTS Differences in the Work of the Police on the

Two fides of the East River. New York city has 4,592 policemen; Brooklyn has 1,745. The expense of the New York Police Department is \$6,000.000 a year; the expense of the Brooklyn Police Department is \$2,500,000. The two departments are to be consolidated into one on Jan. 1, 1898, under Section 278 of Chapter VIII, of the enlarged New York charter. This section declares that all members of the Brooklyn Police Department in office at the time that the charter goes into effect shall forthwith become members of the Greater New York police, and this applies specifically to "Superintendent, deputy superintendent, inspectors, captains, sergeants, detective sergeants, roundsmen, patrolmen, doormen, bridgekeepers, police surgeons, and telegraph opera-

tors" of the Brooklyn department. The New York Police Department arrests in a year 110,000 persons and the Brooklyn department arrests in a year 45,000. Though it is a point in controversy between the statisticians of the two cities. New York, by the general agreement of disinterested persons, has twice the population of Brooklyn, and if, therefore, New York were as good a city as Brooklyn, it should have only 90,000 arrests in a year instead of 110,000, or, to put it otherwise, if Brooklyn were as bad a city as New York the number of arrests in a year there should be 55,000 instead of 45,000, always assuming that there is an equal standard of efficiency and god in the two police departments. The explanation of New York city's excess is thought by some people to be due to the fact that some riotous and turbulent Brooklynites come over to New York to be arrested, whereas, there is said to be no recorded instance of a New Yorker who went to Brooklyn to be arrested. A more reasonable explanation, however, is to be found in the fact that the transient population of New York the sightseers, the strangers, the temporary lodging-house residents, the scafaring men, and the green-wools farmers, is more numerous than that of Brooklyn. In another particular there is a difference between the arrests by the police in the two cities. In New York last year more than half the number of prisoners were foreign-born residents; a little loss than half of the arrests were of native-born persons. In Brooklyn on the other hand, of 45,000 persons arrested, 25,000 were natives and only 20,000 for-lyn born. Again, the proportion of arrests of women in New York is as 18 to 86 of men. In Brooklyn its ass 14 to 86-a more creditable showing in Brooklyn than New York. In New York last year 15,000 persons arrested declared themselves to be without any occupation; in Brooklyn the number was 4,500-proportionately much less. More than half the arrests were for that ofence. There are, relatively, more arrests for vagrancy in Brooklyn than there are in New York, and in this city last year 8,800 of those arrested were upward of fifty years of age, while the number of those in Brooklyn point in controversy between the statisticians of the two cities, New York, by the general those arrested were upward of fifty years of age, while the number of those in Brooklyn

GULD BRICKS COME TO TOWN.

A Daily Procession from One of the Jersey

Ferries That Represents Thousands of Dollars. Gold brick men are generally regarded with suspicion, but it is a fact that dozens of per-fectly honest and reputable men come to this city every day with gold bricks and dispose of them here. They are good gold bricks, however, and are usually delivered at the United States Assay Office in Wall street.

Almost any day except Sunday anybody who is watchful can see a procession of five, six, or seven men straggling from one of the Jersey ferryboats, each carrying in one hand a little black case made of harness leather, and having the other hand buried in the pocket of his seck coat. The little leather cases are of different sizes, and each contains a bar of gold as nearly pure as science can make it. It has upon it the stamp of the reliner and nee is only the impression of

THE COW CREEK TREASURE

AN ENGINEER'S STORY OF A DREAM AND BAGS OF SILVER

Murder of a New Mexico Merchant to

Ramas, the Disappearance of His Muncy, the Adventure of a Somnambulist and the Masterious Doings of Two Missourians. "Midway between the stations of Lyons and Ellinwood on the Atchison, Topela and Santa Fe Railway in Kansas, road crosses Cow Creek, flowing south ward into the Arkansas River," said Western civil engineer who was visiting New York. He was one of a little company other night in which the conversation had turned to the subject of hidden treasure. creek is of no great account in low water though when it gets on the rampage after a cloudburst or heavy rains it is apt to tear things loose. Its principal interest to me was in the story of the tragedy enacted there many years ago and the traditions extant among old Kan

sans of buried treasure along its banks, "The tragedy was the murder of a Nov Mexico merchant, José Chavez, in the summer of 1837 by a band of brigands styling themselves Texans. It was perpetrated while New Mexico was still a State of the Mexican Republic and Texas was fighting with Mexico to secure her independence. Chavez, coming cast-ward over the Santa Fe trail with a wagon train, bringing sacks of Mexican dollars to exchange for merchandise, was surprised by eleven men at Cow Creek, who captured his outfit and afterward killed him. They plundered his wagon of the silver and rode away with their booty. From the weight of the silver taken it seemed impossible that they should have carried all of it far on horseback, and the general belief has been that they buried park of it near the scene of their crime, intending to

general belief has been that they buried parts of it near the scene of their crime, intending to return for it at another time. Tradition has always located the hidden treasure in the valley of Cow Creek. It is supposed that none of the robbers ever got back to recover it, for as soon as the news of their crime got abroad they were closely pursued and most of them caught and hanged by the United States authorities.

"Some years after the railroad was built I was staying for a few days near the point where it crosses the creek, engaged with my party in doing some surveying for the company. Among my assistants was an American of German descent whom we knew as Frita bundering, hit-or-miss impractical fellow, who served somewhat as a butt for the wit of the others. He was with us one evening when the story of the murder of Chavez and the supposed hiding of the treasure was told. Some time that night Fritz got up, dressed himself, and left the house. His roommate, partly waking, heard him moving about, but without accosting him went to sleep again. In the course of four hours Fritz returned, this time waking his roommate completely. He seemed bewildered, saying that he had been to the place where the buried treasure was, but had lost his way coming back. In the morning he gave such an account of his wanderings as left no doubt in my mind that he had walked from the house in his sleep, and had not wakened until some time after his arrival at the point where he had stopped, and from which he had undertaken to make his way back home

"At this place, he said, he found himself back home
"At this place, he said, he found himself

back home

"At this place, he said, he found himself standing in the bottom land beside a creek, watching some horsemen who had dismounted and were digging a hole in the ground. When apparently they had got the hole deep enough they lifted twelve sacks from the ground, dropped them into the excavation, and refilled it, stamping the earth down solidly with their feet and then laying upon the earth the sods they had cut from the surface in the beginning. There were other bags on the ground, similar to those put in the hole, and each man taking a bag upon his saddle, they remounted and rode fast toward the southeast.

"He watched them until they were out of sight and then went to the place where they had worked and stood on the sods that had been taken out and replaced. Then suddenly the scene changed about him; he saw houses and cornfleids where he had seen none before, and he realized that while he was still standing in the same place, high grass was growing round him of a different character from that which had been there when the unen were digging.

"This undoubtedly was the time of his waking for his next thought was to get home. He did not know which way to go, but at last, after going miles in various directions, he located his beginning and found his way, takel, so

ing, for his next thought was to get home. He did not know which way to go, but at last, after going miles in various directions, he located his bearings and found his very hard, so the house where we were staying. By this time he had discovered that the spot from which he had begun to retrace his steps was several miles down atream, on Cow Creek.

"Of course the boys had their fun with him over his sleepwalking and dream, but as I am something of a believer in dreams and chirryoyance, I thought it worth while the next Sunday to have my team hitched up and take a drive down the creek with Fritz. He had been laughed at so much over his exploit that he was rather ashamed of it and not inclined to talk on the subject. But at last, as we passed a farmhouse on the prairie above the valley, he exclaimed:

"Here's the place where I came up out of the creek bottom. Down there is the sod house that I passed, and beyond is the place where I saw the men digging.

"You can turn off the trail and drive almost anywhere in western Kansse, provided there are no wire fences in the way. I turned the